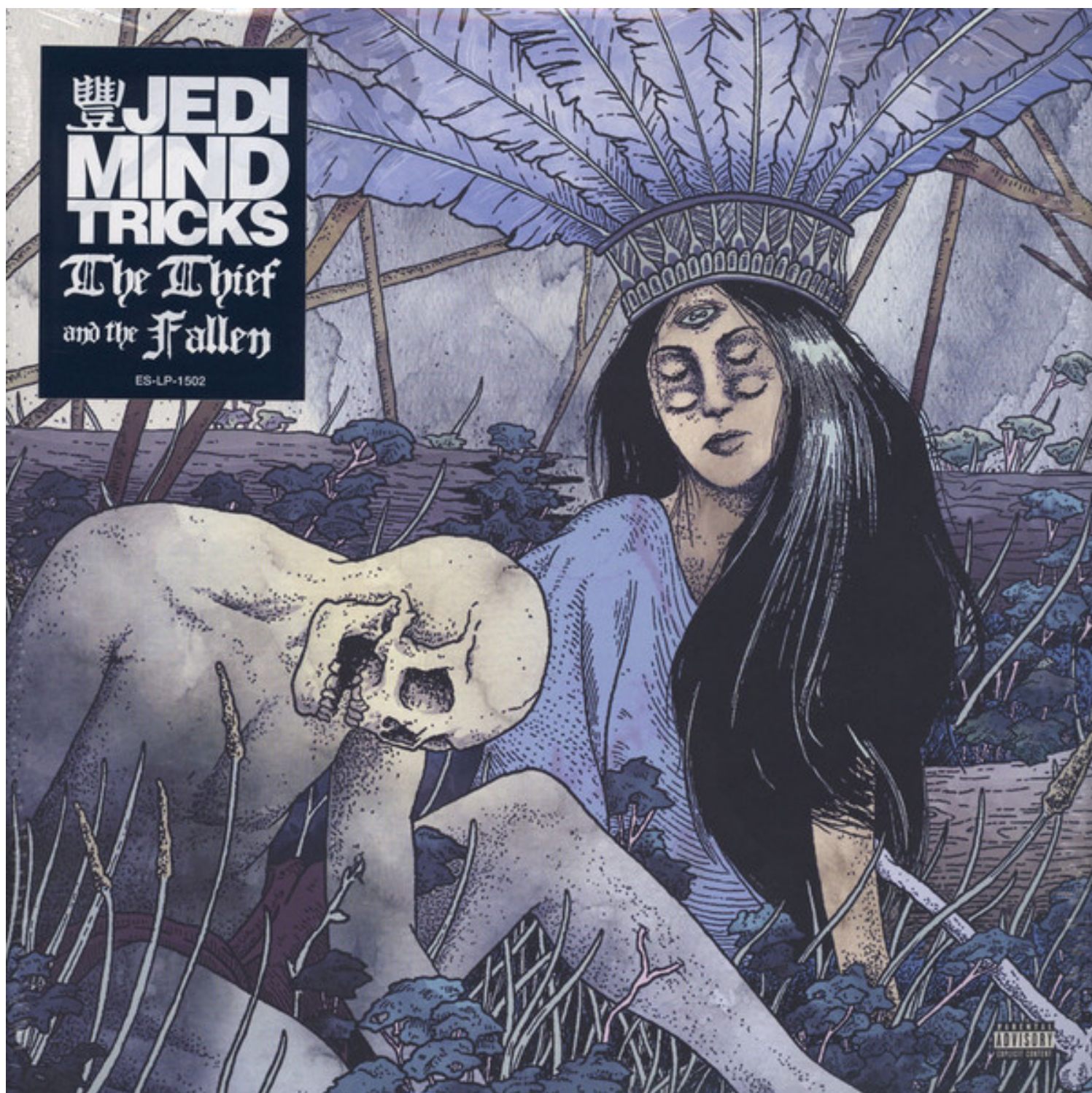


豐JEDI  
MIND  
TRICKS  
The Thief  
and the Fallen

ES-LP-1502



STARLINE  
ENTERTAINMENT  
COLLECTION

# **Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics**

## **"Intro"**

"A thousand tomorrows follow each other  
Is there security in that tomorrow?  
There is security in the pursuit of tomorrow  
In the pursuit of the future  
Which is time."

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Poison In The Birth Water"

You motherfuckers better guard your grill, conquer the kill and bow to the architect  
Every single beat and rhyme is poisonous as arsenic  
Murder just a part of it, I can see the art in it  
I can see the pain and the fallen angel in all of it  
You a shell of your former self and that's unfortunate  
Artillery is heavy and ammunition inordinate  
I would never start a fucking war that wasn't warranted  
Bullets flying back and forth at you like it's an argument  
I'm up to here in shit; it's either shovel it or walk in it  
It doesn't go away just cause you choosing not to talk of it  
I don't even rhyme over a beat: I fucking torture it  
Like taking a butterfly and ripping the wings off of it  
There's drama, muhfucker, then I'ma be at the heart of it  
Take his fucking head and demolish it  
I'm on some Damala shit, Mississippi, maul a God, all of it  
You a sweet vic, Pa, lighter than a Parliament

"Straight up and down, you don't want no conflict"  
"I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that"  
"Cause I'ma send you home with your muthafucking teeth missin"  
"The worst slaughter / Devils poisoning the birth water"  
"Straight up and down, you don't want no conflict"  
"I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that"  
"Cause I'ma send you home with your muthafucking teeth missin"  
"The worst slaughter / Devils poisoning the birth water"

You muhfuckas ain't cut like that  
Have your whole fam wondering where they loved one at  
And the po-9 wondering where they suspect at  
I ain't doing five bullets, money, fuck that rap  
I will cut that cat, I will put him in the ambulance  
Bullets from the automatic make 'em do the Hammer Dance  
You a lost cause, muhfucka never had a chance  
Pazienza rhyme like a muhfuckin' avalanche  
I'ma let this big Colt four-five rip off  
And lift a muhfucka off his feet like a tip-off  
Son got mangled cause he was starting to lip off  
I hit him till his shoulders touched back like a kickoff  
I talked a lot of shit for years and dumbled out  
But that's why we have two ears and one mouth  
Nowadays, most of my peers has run out  
And that's why ghosts appear at son house

"Straight up and down, you don't want no conflict"  
"I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that"  
"Cause I'ma send you home with your muthafucking teeth missin"  
"The worst slaughter / Devils poisoning the birth water"

"Straight up and down, you don't want no conflict"  
"I draw first blood, it's over with, and that's that"  
"Cause I'ma send you home with your muthafucking teeth missin"  
"The worst slaughter / Devils poisoning the birth water"

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Rival The Eminent"

(feat. Lawrence Arnell)

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Listen y'all do not want beef  
I will 86 a pussy, La Couspaude  
I ain't talking to this parole if I'm not gon' beef  
If I take an L, I take an L and that's on me, you see  
I waited all day, mama gravy-made  
And if the bitch behave herself, I'll take her down to Katie Spade  
You disrespect me, I Glock a pussy like Flavor Flav  
The Ghost Rider, the coke whiter than mayonnaise  
And you don't want an issue with the Kings  
Cause muhfuckas walk around with pistols in they jeans  
It ain't always superficial as it seems  
Cause we had a little issue that was ripping at the seams  
But now we back again, on a Stoupe track again  
Heavenly Divine when I taught you about the Vatican  
We smoking wakata sippin' on the yak again  
Edwin died, so we had to get up out the trap again yeeeah

*[Lawrence Arnell:]*

Time travelin', swords rattle, we Cry Battle  
Jackets is full metal, we be throwin' em at you  
Build you a shrine, have your people make you a statue  
That's what happens when disaster comes natural  
Time travelin', swords rattle, we Cry Battle  
Jackets is full metal, we be throwin' em at you  
Build you a shrine, have your people make you a statue  
That's what happens when disaster comes natural

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Either we shoot the guns or we shoot the five  
But either way you shootin with Vinnie is choosin suicide  
I ain't tryna fuck around with y'all or catch a 2 to 5  
But I ain't gon' let you disrespect me you will lose your lives (you motherfuckers will die)  
C'mon why you tryna compete dude?  
Break your fuckin' jaw now your only option to eat soup  
Chop the muhfucker up, I don't need a complete loop  
Me and Stoupe just needed a couple minutes to recoup  
And I ain't got the whole entire fam in yet  
There's a bunch of shit that I ain't got my hand in yet  
Listen, you can't even walk that shit  
You got jewels? I will make you come up off that shit, stupid  
I ain't made hajj, but I'ma do it soon  
Momma still crack me in the head with a wooden spoon  
C'mon, dummy, why you do that for?  
I'm the Hacksaw, crack y'all, 2x4, yeah

*[Lawrence Arnell:]*

Time travelin', swords rattle, we Cry Battle  
Jackets is full metal, we be throwin' em at you  
Build you a shrine, have your people make you a statue  
That's what happens when disaster comes natural  
Time travelin', swords rattle, we Cry Battle  
Jackets is full metal, we be throwin' em at you  
Build you a shrine, have your people make you a statue  
That's what happens when disaster comes natural

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Hell's Messenger"

I don't leave nothing to chance, it's no one to guess  
And I play everything real close to the chest  
The 2016 Range Rover is next  
And I walk through the Valley of Death with no stress  
Marvelous money to murder y'all, gold bullion  
Fifty dudes, parkside, killers wear skully on  
That's the glass table that I'm putting your medulla on  
Black trees, black ski mask, black uniform  
The shiny black .45 is my bitch  
Cause I understand that nothing in the world is a gift  
Ain't no magic what I'm doin', ain't no Merlin in this  
The stupidity the reason Donald Sterling exist (you stupid fuck)  
I was eating pills with Van Morrison in Gloria  
At the Waldorf Astoria, called shorty up  
If you're looking for a father figure, call Maury up  
You a Dr. Seuss rapper, made the whole story up

Who the one that always gotta drink?  
- That's me!  
Always getting thrown into the bing?  
- That's me!  
The one that always holding all the hammers?  
- That's me!  
Who run up in the club and go bananas?  
- That's me!  
Who the one that always gotta drink?  
- That's me!  
Always getting thrown into the bing?  
- That's me!  
The one that always holding all the hammers?  
- That's me!  
Who run up in the club and go bananas?  
- That's me!

Oyster Perpetual and bottles of Chandon  
Everything you thought that existed is long gone  
Waiting on an opium shipment from Hong Kong  
Y'all approach to what we created is all wrong  
Everything that we emulated are raw songs  
Everything that y'all haven't made is in poor form  
ECW Jerry Lynn when he fought Storm  
You an asshole masturbating to soft porn  
No guns, iron deficiency, you anemic  
Audio heroin intravenous, my sun like Phoenix  
Love the second the boss seen it  
The route take longer but it's much more scenic  
See, me and my brothers have been waiting for a while now

Giving you the time to get your wack-ass style down  
Matter fact I think we gon' have us a pow-wow  
Your guns go boom-boom, mines go BAOW BAOW

Who the one that always gotta drink?

- That's me!

Always getting thrown into the bing?

- That's me!

The one that always holding all the hammers?

- That's me!

Who run up in the club and go bananas?

- That's me!

Who the one that always gotta drink?

- That's me!

Always getting thrown into the bing?

- That's me!

The one that always holding all the hammers?

- That's me!

Who run up in the club and go bananas?

- That's me!

Stoupe whattup!!

They bitin' our shit, silly, Papa

That's why we gotta reinvent the whole shit

Yo, word is God, I ain't dissing y'all by name

I just slappin' y'all in the face, stealin' our shit, man

How many years? 15 years?

Nah that's not long enough



# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Merchant Of War"

While you cuddlin' a harlot? I sleep with the four  
Official Pistol Gang, we be the reapers of war  
It doesn't mean that you welcome cause you kick in the door  
I'm the boss, why you filing grievances for?  
Graff writers use the thump out toys  
Keeping both eyes open for them jump-out boys  
I will body motherfuckers if they pump that noise  
Been down since Disco 3, become Fat Boys  
Let me fall back, let me take a sip at the bar  
Cause Vinnie in the hood like I'm fixing your car  
I'm the overlord, I don't need permission from y'all  
I get a migraine every time I listen to y'all  
Listen y'all ain't never live in abyss  
Where them hollow tip bullets spit quicker than Rittz  
The nine always concealed, I'm letting this bitch breathe  
Your body gonna be mistaken for Swiss cheese

The front and the back, what you want? Where you at?  
When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap  
Where the blunt? Where the gat?  
Where the funk? Where the strap?  
When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap

This another hell storm, point blank mail bomb  
The ambulance take you away and not Calgon  
Dirt weed in a backpack full of Krylon  
Move rock for yards without seeing the pylon  
None of y'all could ever be on the level that I'm on  
Traveling trajectories with crystals made of ion  
Jeffrey Hunter need to find another place to die on  
I don't know what drugs y'all muhfuckers high on  
Whoever told you, you should do it, gave you bad advice  
I'mma put a few in you, then blast you in the afterlife  
You ain't even half as nice, bloodier than passion Christ  
You want a body? Give me a pen, a bottle and glass of ice  
I'mma do it my way, fish and edamame  
Chase a very fine glass of wine with a latté  
My music age well like it's related to Sadé  
Vinnie put a few shots into 'em like Bombay

The front and the back, what you want? Where you at?  
When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap  
Where the blunt? Where the gat?  
Where the funk? Where the strap?  
When my killers with the pistol grip pump on your lap



# **Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics**

## **"La Montagna Del Dio Cannibale (Interlude)"**

(feat. Yes Alexander)

The fakeness of your stare  
Will be what kills me horribly  
I will bring me back home

The fatal instinct of fire keeps you warm  
And can burn you to death  
Will you keep me warm?  
Or leave me to burn?

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Fraudulent Cloth"

(feat. Eamon)

[Vinnie Paz:]

Our friendship seemed to be based on what I could do for you, homie  
The sad fact is I'm the type of person that would take two for you, homie  
You ever give so much till a muhfucker can't give no more?  
Give so much of his soul that he feel he can't live no more?  
What you want from me? You want blood from me, want another dub from me, money?  
You wanna drain me of every single motherfucking drop of love from me, money?  
I can feel the eyes staring at me even when it's dark, even when it's cold  
I can feel Allah staring at me even though I'm marked, even though I'm old  
Y'all are just some "gimme" muhfuckers, "take more off Vinnie" muhfuckers  
Never giving back, don't know how to act, just a bunch of shitty muhfuckers  
Gradually night goes on, gradually life goes on  
It's tearing me apart, never really thought that I'd have to right this wrong  
I don't think I'm anti-love, I just think I'm anti-y'all  
I just think I'm anti-every-muhfucker-tryna-plan-my-fall  
I was never planning to be great, something that began as a mistake  
But me being me, mama always told me I should always share what's on the plate

[Eamon:]

And just waking up is enough of a struggle today  
And most of these phonies that's close to me push me away  
But there ain't no weeping I'm keeping this enemy deep in my veins  
Cause I love the pain

[Vinnie Paz:]

And just waking up is enough of a struggle, I don't wanna deal with the darkness  
Have a motherfucker laid up by himself tryna heal from the conflict  
Ever have someone close to you tell you that you really can't when you can?  
I wouldn't know nothing 'bout that bullshit and that's the stamp of a man  
And the same one who blamed me, the same one who defamed me  
Can't make his own cash, can't wipe his own ass like a baby  
Everything is past or it's light, everything is passion and hate  
Everything is everything and I don't think I need to keep a track of the date  
Everybody take what I offer, everybody play like a pauper  
The same ones with they hands out, be the same ones that hate when I prosper  
Tryna be a gentleman of sorts, tryna be a better man, of course  
Tryna set a living, understand that I'ma always be a veteran of loss  
What's the physiology of love? What's the physiology of pain?  
What's the physiology of every single person that will probably get to reign?  
I don't like when liberty is wrong, I don't like when misery is gone  
I can tell all y'all one thing: all y'all gone' miss me when I'm gone

[Eamon:]

And just waking up is enough of a struggle today  
And most of these phonies that's close to me push me away  
But there ain't no weeping I'm keeping this enemy deep in my veins

Cause I love the pain  
And just waking up is enough of a struggle today  
And most of these phonies that's close to me push me away  
But there ain't no weeping I'm keeping this enemy deep in my veins  
Cause I love the pain

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "And God Said To Cain"

(feat. Afro AKA All Flows Reach Out, R.A. the Rugged Man & Eamon)

*[A-F-R-O as Don Corleone:]*

Don Corleone here to tell you about loyalty, respect  
And underground shit

*[A-F-R-O:]*

The myth of a man let your bridges wither and dance  
Oblivious now, primitive, I'm Olympian, now it's routed in pistols  
Allow me to buy the album, child imbeciles  
I was a coward out to intend powerful minutes for  
The crowd, the men, the rowdy, loudest towered sour diesel  
Out to seek a pile of reeking, reaching demons, wild deacons  
Denial deep, denial seek the child  
Teaching my own preaching means  
And thinking why I'm leaving rhymes leaking by the evening  
Who'da thought the hammer hit ya?  
The Ruger spark, leave you handicapped, trapped in wheelchairs  
Drop bomb, calm flow forming on  
Important, I'm raw mob (Don Corleone)  
Take this offer, the vengeance refuse to  
Amend all you're used to, remember that you're useful  
Uh, and the Godfather speaks  
R.A. and Vinnie Paz, Stoupe on the beat  
Let's go, Let's get it

*[A-F-R-O & Eamon:]*

You go against the family, you get buried  
It's R.A., A-F-R-O, Stoupe and Vinnie P  
Cause most these rappers nowadays is fairies  
And y'all could never fuck with JMT  
(Fuck around and catch a left and a right fist)

*[R.A. The Rugged Man:]*

Yo, to the piano blue diablo, do an Amadou Diallo  
Out the Kilimanjaro, animal, Italiano  
Mario Bava giallo, I beat Apollo, you eat a hollow  
Hole in your middle, look like a seed of avocado  
Life gone, I'm beyond body harm, carry an arm in my palm  
Leave you bloodier than Carrie at the prom  
Man, Van Damme kick a foe  
Mantan  
Wigger, whoa Bam Bam Bigelow, bigger flow, Riddick Bowe  
Summer eighties Bananarama, da ha da ha  
Had the hammer to Alabama to where the crackers are  
Animated Hanna Barbera rather Cameron Avatar  
Stamina like the man out of Panama, Paz and Allah  
Macking Mary Magdalene, Howard Hewett from Shalamar

Rapping assassin like I'm back with Rawkus and Agallah  
Pill to a blondie, the ill Bill Cosby  
Ill hobby, kill the body, Ingagi, I killed Gandhi  
I like Chi-Lites, dice and knife fights  
Mics syllables slang slit you, scissor precise slice  
Sacrifice, lose suitable beautiful life price  
And I could conquer the Devil and I could revise Christ, c'mon

*[A-F-R-O & Eamon:]*

You go against the family, you get buried  
It's R.A., A-F-R-O, Stoupe and Vinnie P  
Cause most these rappers nowadays is fairies  
And y'all could never fuck with JMT  
(Fuck around and catch a left and a right fist)

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

The mythical man, who come from indivisible fam  
You pitiful fam, this shit is gon' get physical fam  
You kicking the can, I'm visual like Dario Argento  
Like stabbing you with a pencil inside of the instrumental  
If that ain't what you was into, I'll slide inside of your mental  
And provide you with a rhyme, that can silence the instrumental  
I body you with the Ginsu, but that'll probably be drawn  
It's not so hidden, the God economy gone  
And I'mma probably be wrong and y'all will probably be on  
The anomaly is how you'll be on a quality song  
The bodies is on my lawn, the bodies have been deformed  
The bodies have been piling up, but I've been silently calm  
I had to sound the alarm, I had to try to get rid of em  
Riddlin' with the Ritalin, little bit of adrenaline  
A little bit of medicine in the middle of Ital' and  
The only way to really begin again is to end again

*[A-F-R-O & Eamon:]*

You go against the family, you get buried  
It's R.A., A-F-R-O, Stoupe and Vinnie P  
Cause most these rappers nowadays is fairies  
And y'all could never fuck with JMT  
(Fuck around and catch a left and a right fist)

*[DJ Kwestion:]*

You know who I am  
I'm back and ready to fight  
You know who I am  
Come out your belly and get shot drastically  
You know who I am  
I'm back and ready to fight  
You know who I am

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Destiny Forged In Blood"

You came thru the door, with the chain and the saw  
And the 'caine and the raw, and the flame on the four  
I would never think that you could change to the core  
But I seen't it before and it strangled the boy  
And I remember that we was workin' hard for the deal  
When you giving everything inside ya heart, and it's real  
The only white boy that was sharp for the kill  
But Eminem was evidently harboring skill  
And the arson was real, and the starvin' was real  
Are you kidding me? Literally, all the darkness was real  
And the sharks in the field, make it hard to appeal  
The apartment was filled, with the dark and the pills  
That was just an element that's par for the course  
And we signed on the dots, and we fought, and we lost  
And we won, when we brought our fuckin' gun to the courts  
Now me and my two brothers is just one with the boss yeaaaah

Don't ever in ya life play God with me  
I'm a seven time rhyme winner you's a nominee  
Hit me with a passport, stone, drugs, ornery  
Bullets spit fast God, Bone Thugs Harmony  
And don't even question who I'm targeting  
It ain't no one specific, this is just a slaughtering  
This is just an offering, this is just a torturing  
This is just an everyday occurrence of The Sharpening  
This is just a neutron bomb in the palm  
I'm the God, I'm the wrong, I'm the calm in the storm  
I'm the ever living every single garment that's worn  
I'm Imam, I'm Islam, I'm the thorn and the horn, baby  
I was on the mic ("1, 2 – is this thing on?")  
You was just an asshole, rama lama ding dong  
Bullets go forth back, back forth, ping pong  
Vinnie hold arms like a person with a sling on, yeaaaaah



# **Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics**

**"Il Tuo Vizio E Una Stanza Chiusa E Solo Io Ne Ho La Chiave (Interlude)"**

**(feat. Yes Alexander)**

My love please do with me what is dear  
And the love that could keep us apart again  
No gun nor blade will keep me from loving you  
Even without body I will stay true  
I will not love you to fade away  
To the end my darling  
To the end, to the end

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Deathless Light"

Official Pistol, guns drawn

When you pray for the rain, you gotta deal with the mud  
And when you pray for the pain, you gotta deal with the blood  
You ain't capable to hate, if you ain't able to love  
But it get muddy in the middle, so I stay with the snub  
And I'm Official Pistol 'til the veins stop runnin'  
You in hell and it's hot when them trains stop runnin'  
And you don't have a choice when the game start dummin'  
And your physical is still, but your brain start runnin'  
Why I let them eat, but I must have been out of it  
Like walked in a portal inside of Being John Malkovich  
Y'all are talking loud, but you should just turn it down a bit  
Your hands over your head, like you was reading a counterfeit  
And I don't rhyme over nothing if it don't sound sick  
And all of y'all muhfuckers bite is like a brown pit  
Clap at you, like you wearing cap and gown shit  
A bunch of Sicilianos shoot at you inside a Crown Vic'

I don't know you, and you don't know me  
We should go separate ways, I'ma keep it OG  
Come on, I don't know you and you don't know me  
You should go that-away, I'ma keep it OG

Young boys out here think that rappin' is dead  
Glorifying dirt bags and they trappin' instead  
I'ma resurrect hardbody rap from the dead  
Crucify 'em like Christ, put a rack on his head  
I've been here for twenty years, and y'all have been here for two days  
Ain't nobody talking to you dippin' into Kool-Aid  
Razor under the tongue, I cut you like a school day  
Blood spill in high definition like a Blu Ray  
The bullets in this motherfucker small, but the shotty big  
Recoil make you kick back like Karate Kid  
I ain't tryna offend a motherfucker but I prolly did  
I ain't playing 'round, motherfucker, some'n gotta give  
But I don't give a fuck, money, I will get your nana hit  
Vinnie a gorilla, I will feed you a banana clip  
Only way to get 'em dirty is to get your hands in it  
And I don't play politics, I was never a fan of it

I don't know you, and you don't know me  
We should go separate ways, I'ma keep it OG  
Come on, I don't know you and you don't know me  
You should go that-away, I'ma keep it OG



# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "No Jesus, No Beast"

The murder hadn't occurred to me, burgundy wasn't burgundy  
Purposely earth to me like a virgin had given birth to me  
It's irking me that you would consider uttering words to me  
Nervously urging me to keep killing and killing perfectly  
Certainly third degree burns followed by having surgery  
When he deferred to me, he was poisoned by drinking mercury  
Hurdling over things that are currently in my periphery  
It's all a blur to me, I was never sensing the urgency  
Never sensing emergency, never sensing the thrill  
Never sensing the certainty, never searching the kill  
Was never searching, everything was done in the name of wicked  
The brother's name was indifferent, the hunger pain wasn't lifted  
That was Satan, black wings and a man made pedestal  
The only fucking rapper could see me is my identical  
Another story, another chapter, another parable  
I missed making music with Stoupe, cause he incredible

## "God is the 777"

Vocally none of y'all are approaching me or come close to me  
Hopefully you're aware that you only holding my groceries  
Openly holding the only opening in the hope to me  
Provoking me is only gonna result in a choking spree  
Supposedly I was sent by holiness, it's unknown to me  
Loaning me Book of Law without Aleister Crowley owning me  
Globally doing things that you only could dream of locally  
I son you motherfuckers like you was peddling dope for me  
The guns is always with me so I would never feel lonely  
Combine it with the fact that I'm irresponsible socially  
Supposed to be the art of the mechanism of action  
Embezzlement of the fraction, the pessimism of passion  
It had to be the psyche and the cunning of the Assassin  
The tongue will give you a lashing like Punisher when he's rapping  
I bludgeon you just for asking where the other fucking rapper is  
Chopping bodies up and mail 'em out in several packages

## "God is the 777"

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "The Kingdom That Worshipped The Dead"

(feat. Dilated Peoples)

All over the U.S States, even London

*[Evidence:]*

Yo, I trust the pain, what I say is best  
What my studio suggests, my life is a mess  
Standing in the rain playing Reign Of The Tec  
A big bang in my dame, still claiming respect (Fuck)  
Known for sunsets, know they go west  
A rolling stone don't stay in no nest (No)  
Fresh off the plane and played with no rest  
No gang, so I came in the game with no vest  
I keep it simple life officially free (Right?)  
Rolling up tobacco with medicinal weed (Hahaha)  
You hear the rapture in my laughter  
Create greatness from the visions that I capture  
I'm after the gold and after that platinum shit  
I think I'm over that, cause that ain't gonna happen  
In L.A. my whole life, so I'm sick of the glamor  
But I can make an order fill clicking on the camera

Check it, who wants to disrespect?  
The undefeated, undisputed  
Crazy hardcore, no sell out  
Everyone in my circle is dominating

*[Rakaa:]*

Sacrifice, born twice, the messiah and Christ  
The height of the night, the darker the times, the brighter the light  
The truth is often lost in the score  
That pure life essence left on the cutting edge of the sword  
Good lord, I grab the mic like a biblical staff  
It's mythical math, baptism, miracle bath  
Calligraphy is graphic, graffiti's scribbled in wrath  
That'll split you straight down the middle in half  
Or get your cantaloupe slipped in your jab  
It's the expanded man, 'mano y mano' meaning 'hand to hand'  
Each coward standing for nothing, they don't stand a chance  
When reality falls heavy as an avalanche  
The rock n roll hall of fame mind frame rhyme scheme  
Man of war, I don't chase trends, I make times change  
Rakaa's Jedi High Council, rare honorary Pharaoh  
Learn to aim a little high to hit your target with the arrow

Check it, who wants to disrespect?  
The undefeated, undisputed  
Crazy hardcore, no sell out

Everyone in my circle is dominating

Check it, who wants to disrespect?

The undefeated, heavyweight

Crazy hardcore, no sell out

All over the U.S. States, even London

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

C'mon, dummy, your whole squad trash

Money piled up like an interstate car crash

I don't waste time cause y'all ain't worth a dog's ass

I could smell pussy from the time you first walked past

Sosa told The Skull to kill Tony

And how you gonna ask for more, but still owe me

Some of y'all 'round the real, but still phony

The six by eight in the box is real lonely

I'm tired of these muhfuckers, that's in my coat tail

They're only in my cypher, cause they know that I sold well

Throw this rap muhfucker over the boat rail

Marciano and Shala, hope that it goes well

This traitor over here, he a snitch like Avena

And his career only seen on the History Channel

I'm Cobain when he playing every riff in the flannel

Ain't you house trained yet? You still piss in the kennel, stupid

Check it, who wants to disrespect?

The undefeated, undisputed

Crazy hardcore, no sell out

Everyone in my circle is dominating

Check it, who wants to disrespect?

The undefeated, heavyweight

Crazy hardcore, no sell out

All over the U.S. States, even London

All over the U.S. States, even London

All over the U.S. States, even London

It's over

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "The God Supreme"

I feel sorry for your mom muhfucker, you a waste  
When I say that you my dog, I mean a muzzle in your face  
The streets and the deen have me struggling with faith  
The guns mad big like Mutombo on the waist  
I'm a gorilla, God, jungle is my habitat  
Murder many infidel, Yasser Arafat  
How you wanna talk shit and tuck your chain after that  
Infrared beam green, aim it where your cabbage at  
Dirty money lord you can check the back plate  
Run up on this ras clot, show him how the gat tastes  
It's a million muhfuckas in the rat race  
I ain't part of that God, y'all can get the gas face  
Fuck all fates, see you at Allah gates  
All my dogs gonna swarm on you like raw steaks  
Pies and jums, I'mma let 'em all bake  
And if Vinnie here, rap in good hands like Allstate

It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm  
It's the blood being drawn from your body on this song  
It's the life that I'm living, no fucks that I'm giving  
It's a murder scene, tell the fucking ambulance to get 'em  
It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm  
It's the blood being drawn from your body on this song  
It's the life that I'm living, no fucks that I'm giving  
It's a murder scene, tell the fucking ambulance to get 'em

I'm always trying to break bread  
Always trying to take the fucking crown so I can take heads  
Underground rappers, more bummier than bass-heads  
Head-shots leave y'all Planet of The Apes dead  
Jeff Chandler, I'mma let them hands fly  
Just in case, Vinnie keep shooters on standby  
Anybody told you any different, it's a damn lie  
You ain't really beef, real beef get pan-fried  
I be in Japan high, y'all be on some stupid shit  
Philly streets, muhfuckers cross you like a crucifix  
In sha Allah, I'mma be alive like Busilvex  
Four pound, break your chest up like Mucinex  
Dead cause I said so, I'mma let the TEC blow  
Fiends lined up like an Air Jordan retro  
Ill from the get-go, I just caught a homi'  
The bullets pierce kevlar, hotter than wasabi

It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm  
It's the blood being drawn from your body on this song  
It's the life that I'm living, no fucks that I'm giving  
It's a murder scene, tell the fucking ambulance to get 'em

It's the storm without the calm, a pistol in my palm  
It's the blood being drawn from your body on this song  
It's the life that I'm living, no fucks that I'm giving  
It's a murder scene, tell the fucking ambulance to get 'em

Official Pistol Gang  
Official Pistol Gang



# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "In The Coldness Of A Dream"

(feat. Thea Alana)

*[Thea Alana:]*

Heaven or hell, which one was your home?  
You lived on the edge of death with your gun

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

The deepest deepness is only chaos and death  
Séance and breath when they play on the flesh  
A queen like Neferu lay on his chest  
The dīn is forever, take prey on success  
I can find God without needing a coordinate  
Hand to hand, man to man, feeding the unfortunate  
Seven gold cities of Cibola isn't all of it  
Cut a lion's head off and wear it like an ornament  
This isn't something that's conventional in its origin  
It's a situation of people needing some more from him  
It's primordial for the Devil that want a war with him  
Chaos and conflict always has been the norm for him  
He was a product of Makavelian myth  
Sacred mushrooms and some Amerindian piff  
The Navajo twins that carried me in the mist  
To Korriban and into the academy of the Sith

*[Thea Alana:]*

Heaven or hell, which one was your home?  
You lived on the edge of death with your gun  
Your wounds became scars  
When you murdered your storm  
You levitate high up above

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Either physically or non-physically, I'm still getting paid  
Hovercraft move like an Escalade in Everglades  
Wise men only reminisce over better days  
Groups of lamb legs served with teriyaki marinade  
Mind like Stanley when he was directing Spartacus  
I was getting drowned in the dark abyss  
Now I'm like an arsonist  
Fill your fucking body up with cartridges  
And catch enough homi's, that'll open up an orphanage  
And they don't know the father is a product of the rules  
It's silently and vitally inviting you to lose  
The truth you're looking for isn't seen in the world news  
It shouldn't have effect on the healings that y'all choose  
Y'all ain't have the pleasure to live life in hell  
The guns mad big and sing like Adele  
Ain't no other word got a ring like 'rebel'

The weight is mad heavy and bring life to scale, stupid

*[Thea Alana:]*

Heaven or hell, which one was your home?  
You lived on the edge of death with your gun  
Your wounds became scars  
When you murdered your storm  
You levitate high up above

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Lemarchand's Box"

(feat. Yes Alexander)

*[J. Krishnamurti:]*

The future is what we are now  
What is now... And the pain of separation and the fear of death  
What we are now, that's our consciousness, that's our being

*[Yes Alexander:]*

Every time you fall asleep  
They crawl right inside you  
Wake, you feel them creeping away  
At your light

Tear off your skin  
Gon' slowly tear off your skin  
Tear off your skin  
Gon' slowly tear off your skin

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

I got you, you got me  
I got you, you got me  
I got you, you got me  
You got me, I got you  
I got you, you got me  
I got you, you got me  
I got you, you got me

The Book and the Blood On Jerusalem Street  
And the Midnight Meat Train movin' the heat  
Rawhead Rex had Coot in his teeth  
Every single one of y'all food for the beast  
And the human remains are the room for the pain  
And there's rules to the game when you're new to the game  
But it's blue in the vein and you shoot it again  
And the sins of the Father until the Lucifers reign (Y'all ain't seen Christ!)  
Every time you think you hit bottom, bottom will drop (God's shittin' Death!)

The Body Politic have your stomach tied in a knot  
I don't rule Hell but I'm merely a servant  
Hell has come home to appeal to the person  
Peer through the curtain, deal in a burden  
Rather die standin' than kneel to the virgin  
The blue go red, and the red go to black  
And you move with the dead till the dead isn't that!  
Murda!

*[Yes Alexander:]*

Tear off your skin  
Gon' slowly tear off your skin

Tear off your skin  
Gon' slowly tear off your skin

I could never save you  
You could never save me

*[J. Krishnamurti:]*

What we are now, that's our consciousness, that's our being